

OUR THANKS —AND— HOLIDAY GREETINGS

To our many customers we return our warmest Thanks for their liberal patronage during the Christmas Holidays. Meeting their demand has made very heavy inroads upon our unusually full stocks kinds.

Yet despite it all there remain many articles, Holiday a which we mean to close out by Dec. 31st, even if we have further cuts into the former prices.

So to accomplish this sweeping clean up of everything o we shall reduce everyone of those articles very heavily.

In expressing our appreciation of your liberal patronage in the future the same studied efforts to please you in our service and also in our efforts to give you the best trade goods at very reasonable fig

We wish all our esteemed pa
Merry Xmas & a very

THE MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT, MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

FLAPPER SUIT

The Kitchen Cabinet

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

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Teacher of English Bible in the Moody
Bible Institute of Chicago.

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LESSON FOR DECEMBER 25

CHRISTMAS LESSON—THE VISIT
OF THE WISE MEN.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 2:1-12.
OLD TESTAMENT TEXT—And when they had

seen their treasures they presented
them gifts; gold and frankincense
and myrrh.—Matt. 2:11.

TOPIC—Wise Men Visit the

TOPIC—The Wise Men and

CHRISTMAS.

TOPIC—ADULT TOPIC
Christmas Day in the Year.

TOPIC—Wise Men
Mostly Sought (vv.

TOPIC—Who sought Jesus
TOPIC—Persian as

TOPIC—The stars. The

TOPIC—The usual star at

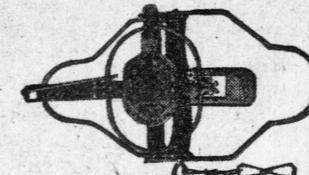
TOPIC—The star in the

TOPIC—The famous

TOPIC—The star in the

TRAPPERS AND MARSH OWNERS

Muskrat skins are selling now at \$2.00 each. You lose one-third of your Rat Crop by "Wringing-off" in the common traps. You can save them all by using



PRICE—65c each in lots
of less than one dozen.
\$7.00 per dozen.

Guaranteed to have no spring breakage. Guaranteed

wringing-off. Get them from your dealer. If he won't write us, we will. Take no other.

EVERY RAT THAT GETS AWAY WOULD PAY FOR 3 OF THESE TRAPS.

MADE BY W. A. GIBBS &
CHESTER, PA.

Automobiles

I desire to announce

RE

Automobiles

... bolted at the first shot over yonder, and the little fellow is after it. He's down the field there somewhere."

How time dragged! The battery to left of us went into action, and began firing rapidly; we could mark the black figures of the cannoneers at the nearer guns, outlined against the sky over the crest, as they moved quickly back and forth. Twice they bore motionless bodies to the rear, and laid them down tenderly beyond the fierce zone of fire. Then the heavier pieces of artillery farther down the line burst into thunder, and we silently held similar to those we occupied, I could perceive the flames of numerous camp-fires leaping up into sudden radiance, while against the brightening sky a great flag lazily flapped its folds to the freshening breeze. Evidently our opponents were first astir, and the headquarters of some division of the enemy must be across yonder. As I gazed, other fires burst forth to left and right, as far as the unaided eye could carry through the gloom, and I was thus enabled to trace distinctly those advanced lines opposing us. Experience told me their position must be a strong one, and their force heavy.

As I turned to mark our own formation, the roll of drums rang out, while the quickening notes of the reveille sounded down the long lines of slumbering men. Life returned, as if by magic, to those motionless forms, and almost in a moment all below me became astir, and I could clearly distinguish the various branches of the service, as they stretched away commingled upon either hand. We were evidently stationed close to the centre of our own position. The intervening ground sloped so gently forward, while the hill crest was so thickly crowned with trees, it looked an ideal position from which to advance in line of attack. Upon my right there appeared a break in the solidity of our line, but even as I noted it, wondering at the oversight, the dense front of an infantry column debouched from a ravine and, marching steadily forward, filled the gap. I could distinctly mark the wearied manner in which the men composing it flung themselves prostrate on the hard ground the moment they were halted—doubtless all through the long hours of the black night they had been toiling on to be in time.

Aides were galloping furiously now among the scattered commands. The obscuring fog slowly rose from off the base of the valley, but all the central portion remained veiled from view. Suddenly, as I watched, the brown cloud beneath me was rent asunder here and there by little spits of fire, and it was curious to observe how these quick spiteful darts of flame swept the full length of my vista. I could distinguish no reports, —it was too far away,—but realized that the opposing pickets had caught sight of each other through the gloom. Then a big gun boomed almost directly opposite me, its flame seeming like a red-hot knife rending the mist. This had barely vanished when a sudden cheer rang out upon my left, and I turned in time to behold a thin, scattered line of gray-clad infantrymen sweep down the slope and to the

left. The heads of one of the horses of the intense scream of human, the horse of my left reared and came over, the rider before he could loose a foot from stirrup; the Lieutenant-Colonel rode slowly past us to the rear, his face deathly white, one arm dripping blood, dangling helpless at his side. This was the hardest work of war, that silent agony which tried men in helpless bondage to unyielding discipline. I glanced anxiously along the front of my troop, but they required no word from me; with tightly set lips, and pale, stern faces, they held their line steady as granite, closing up silently the ragged gaps torn by plunging balls.

"Captain," said Colgate, riding to where I sat my horse, "you will see where the paper I gave you reaches home safe if I fail to come out of this?"

I reached over and gripped his hand hard.

"It will be the first thing I shall remember, Jack," I answered earnestly. "But we may have it easy enough after all—it seems to be an infantry affair."

He shook his head gravely.

"No," he said, pointing forward, "they will need us now."

As he spoke it seemed as though the sharp firing upon both sides suddenly ceased by mutual consent. The terrible roar of small arms, which had mingled with the continuous thunder of great guns, died away into an intermittent rattling of musketry, and as the heavy smoke slowly drifted upward in a great white cloud, we could plainly distinguish the advancing Federal lines, three ranks deep, stretching to left and right in one vast, impenetrable blue wall, sweeping toward us upon a run. Where but a brief moment before the plain appeared deserted, it was now fairly alive with soldiers, the sun gleaming on fixed bayonets, and faces aglow with the ardor of surprise. Some one had blundered! The thin, unsupported line of gray infantry directly in our front closed up their shattered ranks hastily in desperate effort to stay the rush. We could see them jamming their muskets for volley fire, and then, with clash and clatter that drowned all other sounds, a battery of six black guns came flying madly past us, every horse on the run, lashed into frenzy by his wild rider. With carriage and caisson leaping at every jump, the half-naked, smoke-begrimed cannoneers clinging to their seats like monkeys, they dashed recklessly forward, swung about into position, and almost before the muzzles had been well pointed, were hurling canister into that blue, victorious advance. How those gallant fellows worked! Their guns leaping into air at each discharge, their movements clock-work! Tense, eager, expectant, every hand among us hard gripped on sabre hilt, we waited that word which surely could not be delayed, while from end to end, down the full length of our straining lines, rang out the yell of exultant pride.

"Steady, men; steady there, lads!" called the old Colonel, sternly, his own eyes filled with tears. "Our turn will come."

Torn, rent, shattered, bleeding, treading upon the dead and mangled in rows, those iron men in blue came on. They were as demons laughing at death. No rain of lead, no hail of canister, no certainty of destruction could check now the fierce impetus of that forward rush. God knows it was magnificent; the supreme effort mes-intoxicated with the enthusiasm of war! Even where we were could see and feel the giant power those grim ranks of steel—the tattooed flags, the stern, set faces, the chorus of "Glory, glory,

About a score a hundred men tilted like demons for their lives in the midst of the guns. Even as I gazed aside at them, shielding my head with uplifted sabre from the blows rained upon me, the color-sergeant flung up his hand, and grasped his saddle pommel to keep from falling. Out of his opening fingers I snatched the splintered staff, lifted it high up, until the rent folds of the old flag caught the dull glow of the sunlight.

"—Virginia!" I shouted. "Rally on the colors!"

I could see them coming—all that was left of them—fighting their way through the press, clearing the mass with their blows as the prow of a ship cuts the sea. With one vicious jab of the spur I led them, a thin wedge of tempered gray steel, battering, gouging, rending a passage into that solid blue wall. Inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard, slashing madly with our broken sabres, battling as men crazed with lust of blood, our very horses fighting for us with teeth and hoofs, we ploughed a way of death through a dozen files. Then the vast mass closed in upon us, rolled completely over us. There was a flash, a vision of tenzied faces, and I knew no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

DIRTY EGGS ON THE FARM

There are a few egg producers who take the best care of their product, the average farmer considers the eggs produced on the farm as by-products and makes very little provision for their care, aside from gathering them. A large loss is caused by dirty eggs; the number being enormous and according to the estimate of Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture this money loss to farmers in the United States amounts to \$50,000,000.

This loss is not due to the fact that the farmer does not care for his eggs, but rather to the fact that he does not care for the nest in which they are laid. In most cases the nest is not cleaned out more than at an average of once a week, by the farmer, who, in most cases, is covered with mud or other dirt, going on the nest to lay the eggs already in the nest.

An insufficient number of birds are kept in the nests, which is the cause of many of the dirty eggs. Eggs are laid on the ground and in the hay and straw stacks and become stained and discolored and are classed as "dirty." As when too many eggs are allowed to remain in a nest some are broken and many others become smeared with broken yolks.

This condition is often brought about by allowing the broody hens to use the same nests with the layers. On a farm where one nest to every four hens is provided and the nests are kept clean and well bedded, it is found that very few dirty eggs are produced.

After gathering the eggs care should be taken not to put them where they will become heated or near oil, onions or other vegetables as they readily absorb odors.

Although a dirty egg may be perfectly fresh they invariably sell at a "second" and when but a few dirty eggs are mixed with an otherwise fresh dozen lot they materially decrease the price of the clean eggs.

At the Dinner

Last Christmas a certain minister was invited to a big dinner at the home of one of the leading men in town. At the dinner-table he was placed opposite a goose. The lady of the house was placed on the minister's left. Seeing the goose he remarked:

"Shall I sit so close to the goose?"

Finding his words a bit equivocal, he turned round to the lady, and said, in a most inoffensive tone:

"Excuse me, my lady; I meant the roast."

IN ALL
ITS BRANCHES.

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